

...THE...
CONVERTED CATHOLIC

EDITED BY REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

ROMAN Catholics generally do not read the Bible, and of those who occasionally look into the Sacred Volume and even study it, such as the theologians, it can be said that few, if any, understand its plain, simple, and direct teaching. It is said by those who ought to know—pastors, evangelists and writers for the religious press—that there is not as much study of the Book of books by people generally as there used to be and ought to be. Every Christian who desires to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God, finds life happier and sweeter by giving some time every day to the perusal of God's Word. The thoughts that come from such a study are helpful and inspiring, and conduce to the harmony of the soul with the divine life. This is the experience of every Christian who begins the day by reading a portion of the Bible.

Roman Catholics do not need the Bible, they say; they rely on the doctrines of the Church, and when they wish to be religious they go to mass in the morning, confess their sins to the priest, receive communion occasionally, and try to believe that these acts will make them acceptable to God.

But there is no certainty about this acceptance. The priest who ministers to them has no more surety of belief than they have. With priests and people religion consists in the outward observance of the acts of worship and the fulfilment of duties required by the Church. There is no union of the soul with God such as the Christian enjoys who has the witness of the Spirit. The religion of Christ binds the soul to God. The Roman religion is a mechanical contrivance that is liable to damage by the failure of the sacramental part to do its work. Should the priest not pronounce the words of absolution—"Ego te absolvo"—there is no forgiveness of sin. Should he omit to say during the mass "*Hoc est corpus meum*," there is no transubstantiation, and hence no communion. Thus it is all through the Roman system. The people are under the dominion of sin, under the law, and they run hither and thither to escape its consequences. If they would read and study the Word of God they would escape the bondage of the priests and their sacraments, and be free to receive the gift of God through the forgiveness of sin and the redemption that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Magazine for Priests.

In the Catholic Directory for this year we have the names and addresses of 10,000 Roman Catholic priests in this country to whom we would like to send THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, at least to the younger men who are not yet hardened in the ways of Rome. Not much impression can be made on the old priests who constitute the strength of the Roman machine and generally enjoy fat benefices, but many of the men under forty are open to conviction when the truth is presented to them, and we would like to send many copies of the Magazine to them this year. We ask the co-operation of friends in such missionary work.

Bishop Sabine of New York.

The Synod of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the United States that recently assembled in Philadelphia reflected honor on itself and conferred a favor on New York city by its selection of the Rev. William T. Sabine, D.D., as Bishop in succession to the late Bishop Latané of Baltimore. For more than a quarter of a century Dr. Sabine has been one of the best beloved pastors in this city, and his election to the bishopric of his Church by his brethren merely confirms what the great Head of the Church had done for His faithful minister ever since He called him to preach the Word. For soundness in the faith, sweetness of disposition, strength of character and devotion to the cause of Christ, Dr. Sabine is an ideal Bishop. The editor of his Magazine in common with the ministers of New York of all denominations rejoices that a man of God and a beloved friend has been honored so highly by his brethren. To the great joy of all his friends as well as

the members of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Bishop Sabine will continue to reside in this city.

Beware of Rome.

If President Roosevelt should make many more appointments like that of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia as Indian Commissioner, he will become entangled with the Roman Catholic Church. If he is responsible for sending Governor Taft to Rome to confer with the Pope about the Friars' lands in the Philippines, the entanglement will become more serious. Why could not the Pope send a man to this country or to the Philippine Islands to confer with Governor Taft? Why should our government defer to the Pope's wishes in executing the laws that Congress will pass for the pacification, enlightenment, and advancement of the Filipinos? Is there any more reason why the American people should consult the Pope than the German Emperor or the King of England or the Sultan of Turkey? There are hundreds of thousands of Mohamedans in the Philippine Islands and no one would think of consulting the Grand Turk regarding the execution of our laws in dealing with them. American politicians should beware of an alliance with the Pope. We all respect and honor our young President, but it is to be feared he does not know what past masters in diplomacy and double-dealing the Roman ecclesiastics are. Of this flirting with Rome by our government we hope it can be said, All's well that ends well.

After this month forgetful (?) subscribers will be reminded to renew for this year. Please do not delay longer.

The Filipinos' Needs.

The Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, in a public speech at Pittsburg last month, referred at some length to the Philipines and the many tasks they present to the American people. Among other things he said:

"We will give the Filipino American school teachers, American literature and American ideas, for they all breathe liberty and they all teach self-government and justice according to law. In short, we will submerge the Filipino in a Western civilization, and will do our best to make him survive and to make him fit to survive, and having done our best our responsibility will have been met."

Mr. Shaw is an earnest Christian, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but as a politician, he did not think it necessary to refer to the important—indeed, vital—point of our responsibility, as a nation, to give the Filipinos the real Christian religion, which was never made known to them by the Roman Church. It should be a source of joy to all who desire to see the light of the Gospel spread abroad in the earth to know that our evangelical churches have eagerly grasped the opportunity afforded by our occupation of the islands, and that the vigorous energy of each is supplemented by cordial mutual sympathy and co-operation on the part of all. Under such auspicious circumstances it is not surprising to receive wonderful accounts of successful soul-saving work, and to hear that the Word of God is having free course—which it never had before the battle of Manila Bay—transforming hearts and lives wherever it goes, and bringing men and women out of the bondage of superstition into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Knights of Columbus.

Some of the means by which the Roman Catholic Church expects to obtain power and influence in the Steel Trust and other large corporations is through such societies as the Knights of Columbus. Items like the following are to be found in Roman Catholic newspapers every week, as this from Minnesota: Among those who received the first degree at the last meeting of Hennepin Council, Knights of Columbus, No. 435, Minneapolis, were J. S. Coughlin, the veteran conductor of the famous "Pioneer Limited," and John S. Ryan, chief train dispatcher of the C., M. & St. P. Ry.

Dr. G. W. F. Birch.

Although one of the most kindly, amiable and gentle of men Dr. Birch will probably be best remembered in the history of the Presbyterian Church as having been appointed prosecutor of Dr. Charles A. Briggs for his theological vagaries. He was the stated clerk of the Presbytery of New York, and was regarded as a great authority on the law and usages of the Church to which he belonged.

His death occurred on April 26, at the parsonage of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, this city, which he had served for a quarter of a century. Like Dr. John Hall, Dr. Birch was one of the most regular attendants at the Presbyterian ministers' meeting every Monday morning, and he will be greatly missed at those gatherings in the future. He was greatly beloved by all the ministers, and we feel that we have lost a personal friend. He was a strong defender of the faith, and he knew no compromise where the integrity of the Word of God was concerned.

A Christian Soldier's Experiences.

BY GENERAL T. M. HARRIS.

X.

Mrs. Surratt was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and four or five of the so-called priests of that Church were brought before the Commission as witnesses for her defence. All of them testified to her good character and standing in the Church. They all had been giving her credit for being an estimable Christian lady. Father Wiget was her pastor, but for some reason unknown to me Father Walter was called by her, or perhaps assigned by the bishop, to hear her last confession, and prepare her for death. He reported that she declared her innocence in her final confession.

A most earnest effort was made by this priest and his associates to secure a commutation of her sentence, they no doubt regarding this as the first step towards a reprieve. Failing in this, a most grievous howl was set up, and an organized effort was instituted to pervert history and mislead public opinion in regard to her case. In this purpose they were able to command the public press to an extent that, to me, with the information she had, was indeed very surprising.

They charged the Government with having murdered an innocent woman. They went so far as to charge the Government with having packed a court, not to try and do justice, but to condemn. Again, they charged the Commission with having condemned her without a particle of evidence to prove her guilt.

At first those false and cunningly devised fabrications found a place only in the papers that had been in

sympathy with the rebellion, but after a few years, room was found for them in all the great newspapers of the country. Ignorant as I then was of the power that Rome had gained over the newspapers of our country, this not only surprised but grieved me.

As the years passed on, they grew bolder and utterly reckless of truth. Father Walter kept his statements up for over twenty-five years, and until his death. Two or three times a year, I think, those fabrications went the rounds of the press.

Amongst those fabrications I will specify the following in addition to what I have already given: Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton was especially hated by them, and after his death they soon set afloat the charge that he had committed suicide, being so overcome by remorse for the part he had enacted in the matter that he could no longer bear it. After a few years they added to the Secretary all of the members of the Commission, except one, alleging that they had all died miserable deaths, being frightened out of existence by the thought of the innocent woman whom they had murdered.

And so it went on from year to year. They seemed to think that the evidence on which she was convicted had been forgotten, and so they could palm off on the public any falsehood that seemed likely to answer their purpose.

Twenty-five years passed by, and no word had been uttered by anyone in vindication of the Government or of the Commission; but now God, who will have the facts of history, so far as they relate to important events in the life of nations, preserved,

brought about a train of circumstances that impressed me with the importance of citing the facts connected with this great tragedy in our nation's life, as revealed by the testimony given before the Commission; thus would say that I undertook the delicate and difficult task of writing my book entitled, "The Assassination of Lincoln: A History of the Great Conspiracy and Trial of the Conspirators by a Military Commission, with a Review of the Trial of Mrs. A. Surratt."

The official report of the trial had been published, but outside of public libraries was in the hands of but few, and not accessible to the general public. In preparing my book I spent the greater part of two years in carefully analyzing the testimony as given in this report. My purpose was to record nothing that could not be sustained by this testimony.

In regard to the case of Mrs. Surratt, the evidence clearly convicts her of being a party to the conspiracy; to have been in the closest and most intimate relations with Booth; to have known all his plans; and, on the day of the assassination, to have taken an active part in aid of his escape after he should have committed his great crime. She was equally guilty with Booth. It now seems clear to me that God had a purpose in directing the mind of the Secretary to me when he was making out his order of detail for the Military Commission. I think no one can read Parkman's history of the efforts of three nations—Spain, France, and England—to take possession of the newly discovered continent of North America, and Bancroft's history of the United States, without coming to the conclusion that

these men were raised up by Providence, and especially endowed for the very purpose of writing those histories; and it is also in this mood that a true history of the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln should be perused.

The Work in Porto Rico.

The good work of our brother, the Rev. A. H. Lambert, in Porto Rico, continues to prosper. In a letter dated April 21 he says:

"The work here is progressing, with the Lord's help and blessing. The Arecibo circuit, which existed only on paper when I came here July 7, 1900, has now five stations—Arecibo, Hato Viejo, Camuy, Aibonito, and Ubuado—with two native exhorters, eight class leaders, 75 members, and 238 probationers. And though our members are all poor people, they have contributed at Arecibo and Hato Viejo more than \$50 for different purposes. In this circuit, too, we have some 225 adherents—people who come regularly to our services, but who are neither members nor probationers. With the exception of three, all our members, probationers and 'followers,' as they call themselves, were formerly Roman Catholics.

"As there are no industries here, I am very anxious to introduce lace making as it exists in Mechlin, Antwerp, and other Belgian cities.

"Will you please express my heartfelt gratitude to the subscribers to THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC who have helped us with our orphanage? We hope they will still continue to remember our needs.

"Thanking you all for your great kindness, I am,

"Yours in Christ,

"A. H. LAMBERT."

CHRIST'S MISSION WORK.

WHILE the preaching has been as good as usual at the services in Christ's Mission last month and during the whole season, with Drs. Albert B. King, Joseph Sanderson, Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, Pastor O'Connor and others as the speakers, and the subjects presented were interesting, the attendance was largely composed of persons who came from up town and who until the last few years lived within a radius of a mile of the Mission. Every Sunday some friends said, we used to come to the services regularly when we lived near here, but since we moved up town we cannot get down often and attend as usual. Christ's Mission is now emphatically down town work, and as might be expected is harder than ever. The workers have learned to "endure hardness," but how to reach the new and strange people who have come into the district is a problem difficult to solve. The wayfarers, the poor, the out-of-work folks who are looking for something to do and whom the great pushing, struggling world labels tramps, find their way to the Mission as usual, and if it should move to a more central location, the name CHRIST'S MISSION over the door would still attract them. This is as it should be, for the mission of Christ on earth was to save the lost and forlorn, as He tells us when He quotes the Prophet Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised." (Luke 4:18).

To preach the Gospel to the poor and to minister to them daily by coun-

sel and aid is a great privilege for any Christian. But the educated, the thinkers and molders of public opinion, the energetic and progressive people of the world should also have the Gospel preached to them; and they are as much in need of the special work that Christ's Mission is doing as the other class. Indeed so far as its work relates to the Roman Catholic Church and the enlightenment and conversion of its followers, they are in more need than their less favored brethren, for that Church has seduced many of their friends and has thrown dust in their own eyes. The work of the Mission is educational as well as evangelical, and it should be carried on where numbers could be reached.

A very intelligent Catholic woman called at the Mission recently, and after an agreeable conversation with Pastor O'Connor about family pedigree—her maiden name was O'Connor, though like the great New York lawyer of the past generation, Charles O'Connor, she spelled it with one "n"—she said she would take the liberty of a namesake to speak her mind regarding the work that Mr. O'Connor had been doing in New York for nearly a quarter of a century.

"Twenty years ago," said she with much energy, "like many other Catholics I used to go to your meetings in Masonic Temple and when you left there and came into this side street I came here occasionally. I know all about the priests that come to you from the Roman Catholic Church and the work you have done. But what have you accomplished to make an impression on the world? Why haven't you a church or an imposing building that would show what you have done and to which we could go with some

satisfaction. We are ashamed, we Catholics, to be seen coming into a private house like this for religious purposes, after worshipping in great churches and cathedrals. You should have a building that we would be proud of instead of being stuck here in a quiet street. Archbishop Corrigan and the Jesuits are laughing at us. They say that work of O'Connor's evidently has no money. If he had the rich Protestants of New York behind him there would be something in such a work; he would have something to show. That is how they talk. We are sick and tired of them and would get away from their tyranny if we knew where to go.

"I speak for many Catholics," the lady continued with increasing energy as she walked around the office, "and I tell you they will not come here. But if you had a larger place they would flock around you, for we know you are right in your preaching and we want to be Christians like other Americans. I was born in this city and I am proud to be an American, but I am ashamed to be a Roman Catholic, for that stamps me as Irish. Catholics cannot be Americans like other citizens. In spite of all that is said, we are different from other Americans, and we don't want to be so. You and men like you who have been priests can help us to be American Christians. But as soon as a priest is converted he goes off as a missionary to some foreign land. You should keep them here and cover the city with preaching places where we could attend and of which we would be proud. We make sacrifices enough in obeying our consciences by staying away from the Catholic churches without subjecting ourselves to ridicule by coming to an

out of the way place like this. Why don't you get the rich Protestants to help you?" And thus the lady went on for half an hour.

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It was suggested to this zealous lady that she might try to interest the rich Protestants who were giving large sums for educational and humanitarian work. But she said she could not do that; it was not her business. She had trouble enough with her own family and friends for leaving the Catholic Church.

There is a good deal of truth in what this lady said about the sentiments of the Catholics regarding the quiet work of Christ's Mission. Something has been done, but as the years go by more ought to be done. Christ's Mission is a small place, but great things have been accomplished there in testifying to the truth of the everlasting Gospel and helping priests to a larger liberty and greater happiness than they could find in the Roman system, where their souls were held in bondage.

Of course this lady's view was that of the world at large, which, like the Jews of old, requires a sign of greatness in the preaching of the Gospel. The Roman Church recognizes the law of gravitation and the power of attraction in its great churches in conspicuous places, but souls can be saved wherever the Gospel is preached, for it is the power of God unto salvation for all who desire to know the way of God. It may be in the providence of God that Christ's Mission will yet be located in a more accessible part of the city. For twelve years the work has been carried on at its present location, and if a more suitable place could be obtained the attendance at the meetings would be greater, and with the

blessing of God larger results would follow.

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The last week in April two priests called at Christ's Mission, and as this issue of the Magazine goes to press a letter comes from another priest who is the pastor of a church, inquiring about the work and asking for an interview. Until those men are led by the Spirit of God to come out of the Roman Church no further reference can be made to them, and their confidences are respected. Many of them would like to get away from the superstitions and mummeries of Rome, but the sacrifices involved—the love of parents and kindred, the loss of position that brings them the respect of the community and gives them not only a comfortable but a luxurious living—deter them. It is only after they have accepted the religion of Christ and learned to trust Him as Saviour and Friend that they can say with David: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Rome and the Public Schools.

There are many former Catholic priests engaged in teaching, in various kinds of business, and in literary and journalistic work in New York and other large cities, of whom we have knowledge, but whose names do not appear in this magazine unless they desire publicity. It is a pleasure, however, to see some of those gentlemen taking a stand on the right side of subjects of interest to all Americans. The following communication appeared in the *New York Tribune*, March 31, from a former priest who for several years has conducted a kindergarten school in New York. The Roman Catholic Church is not mentioned, but everybody knows that it is meant by the

writer when he refers to the "glaring truckling" of public men, even the intelligent members of the board of education, "to the ever aggressive influence of a certain sectarianism" in our public schools.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*:

Sir: Our schools are closed this week by the mandate of the Board of Education. I call this a high-handed outrage, the reason for which must be mysteriously closed up in the bosom of the high, mighty superintendent of the board. Thousands of children are thrown upon the streets for a whole week, with no relief whatever for them. Our children are not overworked, with their long summer vacations, their national holidays and Christmas recess. Some of them have only the privilege to visit school on half time. Morality and patriotism are surely not served by this innovation. Religious sentiment applicable only to a sect or class can only be claimed in a theoretical way to benefit the children, for to most children the churches are closed during this week. To me it seems another piece of glaring truckling to the ever aggressive influence of a certain sectarianism which unremittingly tries to inject its disrupting virus into our American unsectarian public school system. The damage done this week to many children will not be easily repaired by many weeks of the most sedulous application of school life. During our long summer vacations we have some way of relief by vacation schools, etc.

The *Tribune* is the American paper par excellence. Will you not raise your voice against this glaring outrage intrigued by certain citizens as a class, and make it impossible for the future to have the Board of Education rending asunder the inviolability of the pledge of unsectarianism for which our public school system stands?

C. PR. DEVARE.

Abigail Free School and Kindergarten,
New York, March 24, 1902.

REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM—MEMORIAL SERVICE.

ON Sunday evening, March 30, a memorial service for the Rev. George Carter Needham was held in the chapel of Christ's Mission. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Albert B. King, Pastor O'Connor and Mr. Richard W. Owens, one of the oldest friends of the deceased, who, though a business man, has been a preacher and teacher of the word of God in this city for over thirty years.

Dr. King offered prayer, and in a brief address spoke of the great influence the writings of Mr. Needham had exerted. He had read again and again some of his Gospel tracts that were as sweet to the soul as anything in our language.

PASTOR O'CONNOR'S ADDRESS.

After reading I Thessalonians iv, 13-18, Pastor O'Connor said, in part:

Our brother, in whose memory we assemble here to-day, was of the type of preacher and evangelist, which is fast passing away. Mr. Moody was the most forcible and most prominent representative of that class. Like Mr. Moody, Mr. Needham believed the Bible to be the word of God, a personal letter to each believer, to be received as a message from Him who loves us. Having that conviction, with a wonderfully clear mind and honest heart, he studied it and unfolded it to others.

He was direct in his teaching. One of the compliments paid to him at his funeral by Dr. Stiffler was "Though he spoke plainly to the churches in his evangelistic work, I never knew Mr. Needham to leave any sting behind his strong remarks." Indeed, I sometimes told him that there was not much use in scolding the churches. "I will," he said, "the church is drifting." I said

"It always was drifting. It always has had to contend against the world and human nature." "Well," he said, "that is why it is necessary to cry aloud."

He was a faithful teacher of the Word of God, and was specially gifted in his knowledge of the Old Testament. I confess that to me he opened up the Old Testament in a way I never heard of before. My studies had been devoted to the consideration of the life, work and words of Jesus and those to whom he spoke with living lips; but I found in Mr. Needham's teaching, in all the Old Testament characters, the type of Him who was to come. There was one Bible, one revelation of God, a unity of purpose in the Old Testament and the New. The revelation of God to man was uniform. It was characteristic of Mr. Needham that he brought light to bear upon subjects that are generally regarded as unattractive and are preached in few churches. To him there was a light running through the Old Testament which bore upon all the work and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ in the New Testament. And in his characteristic way he lightened up with a happy disposition and a bright wit subjects which are so hard for many of us to understand.

Men commemorate birthdays, but I think we should rather commemorate deathdays, because, while life is full of pain, all that is ended in death—there is victory. Somehow we walk here as men in shadows, but we have the promise of our God that in the life to come, we shall be like Him who came from the throne of God to assume the form of man; and while we struggle on here, and sometimes the way is dark

and the shadows are thick and press upon us very fast, yet the promise is that we shall be like Him in His presence, and that He who takes us as we are, when we come to Him in penitence and faith, will bear us to the Father. Through Him we have a rightful place in the Father's house. "O grave where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting? Thanks be to God, that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I loved Mr. Needham very dearly. He was one of those, who, like Mr. Moody, was to me one of the greatest teachers of God's truth that I ever met, and if I have been able to tell others about the love of Christ, it is due to those men.

He did a great deal for me and for the work of Christ's Mission. During the past eighteen years he contributed scores of articles to the magazine which I have published all these years. So he was very dear to my heart. He was a guileless man, transparent, clear, and clean in character.

Thank God for such a life and for such a work as he did as an evangelist, going into all the churches for thirty years, with a bright, solid and clear message from God to men.

Fifteen years ago I visited him at his home in Manchester, Mass., and he was talking to me of his early days, how he had met Mr. Moody in England, and how when he desired to enter Mr. Spurgeon's college in London, Mr. Spurgeon would not allow him to do so, as his testimony was too valuable. He came here in 1868 an inexperienced youth. He said to me "After such a short residence here, it was a wonder that I could get the most cultured and finest girl in New England to be my wife. In their loving compan-

ionship Mrs. Needham came to be as learned in the Bible and as clear in exposition as himself, and to the last they worked hand in hand.

For several months Mr. Needham had been engaged writing an allegory, which he entitled "The Voyage of the Ship Ecclesia." On his last Saturday night on earth Mrs. Needham looked into his study, and he told her that he was finishing some work and would follow shortly. Entering the bedroom a little later, he said "There, I have finished my book to-night, and you must read over the proof carefully and make the final corrections." That was their last talk on such a subject.

Mrs. Needham has the same belief, the same joyful anticipation of the coming of the Lord as he had. He was the first that I ever heard preaching that doctrine, and he was faithful to the last. The Lord has come to him individually, and he has gone to be with the Lord.

Like Mr. Moody, Mr. Needham has left a void that is hard to fill. But the whole Church is richer because of his wise, holy, and sound teaching of God's truth.

As you know, Mr. Needham was called away suddenly at four o'clock on a Sabbath morning. He retired a little before eleven. He was complaining of a pain at the heart, but never thought of its being fatal, and in one moment of time he fell back and died. He had for years been troubled with heart disease.

His last words were "Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus! Lord Jesus!" repeated while walking about the room. Then he lay down, and "he was not, for God took him."

Mr. Owens' Address.

Already allusion has been made to my long acquaintance with our beloved brother.

Some take objection to memorial services. A friend said to me to-day, "I see your name is down to speak to-night. Are you going to speak on Mr. Needham?" "No," I said, "I shall go to the meeting because of my esteem and love for him, and I hope I shall have an opportunity to preach the Gospel."

Our brother, Rev. Dr. King, has already, to use a familiar phrase, "taken the wind out of my sails," for had I preceded him, I would have begun with almost the same words.

The very fact of this day, Easter Sunday, brings the thought of Resurrection to my mind. As Dr. King has already told you, there is no Gospel where the Resurrection is not brought in.

In years gone by, when it was my privilege first to be associated with the work in which our Brother Needham was engaged in Dublin, I was going along one day through that city, and I passed a store where they sold Roman Catholic images. Stopping to look at them, I noticed some pictures, which I think are called the Stations of the Cross. At all events, they depicted the life of our Lord from the cradle to the grave, and there they left Him; and not only the Catholics leave Him there, but He is left there by many in what is known as the Christian world. You will rarely hear the subject of the Resurrection alluded to as that which is God's receipt to the sinner that the work which Jesus undertook to do, when He laid aside the glory which was His, and came into this sin-cursed world, was

accepted by God. The women came seeking a dead body to anoint, but He had emptied the grave because of the fact that He had been accepted as the One who accomplished the purpose of God in the putting away of sin. Sin it was that brought Him into the place of death, and it is sin that has the victory over us. When I see an empty grave, I see an accomplished fact, and that fact is God's salvation, for "the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." In Acts 17:18, we read:

"And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the Resurrection."

An aged brother was at our meeting this morning, and the last place I met him was with Brother Needham at the Niagara Bible Conference years ago. This brother thinks his work is well nigh done in this world, but he said, "The Lord is still blessing me." He pulled from his pocket a marked Testament. Here and there are passages marked with red ink, so as to attract the reader's attention to those special portions of Scripture. Thinking I might find a word for to-night, I opened my Bible and found in looking through it that the Acts was marked much, where the different speakers emphasized the fact of the Resurrection. There is scarcely a page where they did not preach "Jesus and the Resurrection." They say, "Whom you delivered and hanged upon a tree, God raised from the dead." They show man's sin in putting Jesus on the Cross, but they never do that without showing that God raised Him from the dead.

In Romans 4, we read: "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Oh! if I could only lead you one and all just to follow up this one truth, I am sure our coming together to-night, to dwell for a little while upon the life of our beloved brother, and the hope that is given in the Resurrection, will be of lasting benefit to your soul.

I must read to you a passage which, somehow or other, comes up before me each day. It is Peter 1:20-21: "He was manifested in these last times for you, who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

Some say that John 3:16 is the grandest verse in the Bible, but I don't know, I am inclined to think that this one comes ahead of that. "Raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God."

You see this verse affects not merely the dead, but it also affects the living. It has a double side. Our hope is that the God who so acted concerning Jesus in raising Him as the first fruits, will also raise those who sleep at His appearing. Just think of it! the God who so acted, in that act, (if we may speak relatively as to anything God did), performed His greatest work in raising Jesus from the dead. It was a display of His righteousness. The very foundations of His throne were at stake. The God who so acted is our God, and He is the One we have to do with. You, who are now in the place of trial and difficulty, are called to look to that God, who "raised Jesus up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your

faith and hope might be"—not in the circumstances that surround you, but in the God who made the display of His wondrous power in the raising of Jesus from the dead.

Our brother O'Connor has spoken as to the long friendship that existed between George Needham and myself. This was the thought that was running in my mind, as he gave expression to it. There is nothing on earth I valued more than the heritage I had in the unbroken friendship that existed between us during the past thirty years, and the bond that held us together was none other save that which he was so fond of signing himself, for almost every letter I received from him, was signed in the same way, "Yours in Gospel bonds, George C. Needham." That was just the bond that held us together.

We were both converted at the time of the revival in the old country. This revival began in this country in the year 1858, and then it spread to the other side of the Atlantic. It was attended with wonderful manifestations of God's power. In those days people arose in the meetings and related these three facts—the three R's as Rowland Hill put it: "Never let a sermon come from your lips without having the three R's in it:

Ruin by the fall.

Redemption by the blood.

Regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Needham said to me, "Richard, we have got to add another R." "Well," said I, "what is the fourth one?" "When our Lord comes there shall be Restitution of all things." We look upon his memory as one who preached not only Rowland Hill's three R's, but the fourth R which is

found all through the New Testament.

Mr. Needham and I were converted at that time when God's wonderful power was put forth in simple testimony. We used to read of it in the newspapers; and that was something very remarkable, for the press usually did not notice such a work, but the power was such that they were forced to report it. There are some here to-night that remember that mighty revival, when men and women were found bowed down with conviction of sin, sometimes stricken at their work, sometimes on the roadside, sometimes awakened in bed by a dream. I remember our brother Denham Smith coming for the first time to hold services in the south of Ireland. People said, "I wonder if there will be such demonstration of the power of the Spirit in the south as in the north." I remember seeing a young lady at the first of these meetings fall down on one side of the hall, and another on the other, under conviction. There seemed to be no reason why this should occur, but simply it was so. God's power seemed to come in such a way that men have been unable to account for it.

Our brother Needham, comparatively inexperienced, came to this country in 1868, and found his way to Boston, where he began preaching on the docks.

It was my privilege to have him as my guest during the years he has been visiting this city, and it has also been my privilege for fourteen or fifteen summers to spend two weeks at his home at Manchester-by-the-Sea. I have known his trials. The first trial was when he went to propose for his wife, and her parents

naturally wanted to know what provision he was able to make for her. He referred them to the fact that he had a rich Father in heaven. Though that was not satisfactory to them, he, however, finally won her. But trials awaited him in the wandering life of an evangelist who had no settled home; but in this Mrs. Needham proved a true helpmeet, saying, "I knew the life I was choosing when I became the wife of George. His life is that of an evangelist, and I have entered the path of a helpmeet, and I must endure his hardships."

One time he found himself in a far Western city, where a gentleman was to meet him at the station, but when he got to the end of his journey no one was there. He hardly knew what to do, for funds had given out. Taking a walk through the town, he saw a light in a place which looked like a meeting-room. He thought he would have a look in and see what was going on, and seeing the janitor he inquired, "Going to have meeting in this room?" "Yes, sir, but it is too early." "Will you have any objection to my sitting down and resting myself?" He sat down and waited an hour, and then a gentleman came in and passing up the room, he glanced around, and to his surprise saw a familiar face.

"Well, how did you get here?" he asked.

"You don't know me," said Mr. Needham.

"Don't I? I rather think I do, and I will prove that I do. Just answer me one or two questions. Were you not preaching in a town (giving the name) in Ireland in such a year?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am the fruit of that sermon. Now you have got to come

home and stay with me to-night." It is needless to say that he went along to the home of this gentleman without much coaxing.

Another time our brother found himself in Philadelphia going along one of the streets with his mind made up that he would give up preaching. A lady happened to meet him, and he said something to her that indicated the state of his mind. She said, "Is God dead? I thought you believed in a living God, Brother Needham." That just turned his life from that moment. That word rebuked the unbelief, raised him above present circumstances, and sent him back to his home where he continued in the work that God's grace had called him to do.

When I came here thirty years ago the Bible was an unused book as it is now used. To cite you an instance or two, our beloved brother's co-worker, Henry Moorehouse, after one of his Bible readings in Chicago, was asked by a lady the privilege of seeing his Bible, thinking that there was something in the arrangement of the flexible binding, (then new here), that enabled him with such dexterity to refer to the passages. A Western city newspaper in reporting one of our brother Needham's Bible readings at that period said that "as a reader he was only second to Dickens." Such was the ignorance of what a Bible reading was. They simply stored the Book in the heart, and made the Book its own interpreter through the help of the Holy Spirit.

Another instance, which to my mind shows the character of our brother Needham. After preaching for three weeks in a prominent church of this city, the pastor sent for me to try to ascertain the proper sum to

give him for his labors. I told him, "Whatever is in your heart to give him. I cannot tell you how much, I am not connected with this church." The pastor said to me, "The point is this, you know Needham's manner of life, and you know how these men that go about preaching live. If you don't name a sum, I won't give him anything." "Well, then, you won't give him anything." I simply told him, "He is living in Philadelphia, and has a wife and two children to support."

He frequently received letters inquiring his charges, and I have seen his replies. "I make no charges, but if you are in a condition to hear the Word, I will gladly come to you. Whatever you feel in your heart to give, I will gladly take. If you can't give anything, I will come."

One day while in a boat with Mr. Needham at Manchester-by-the-Sea, I was curious to know whether he received any compensation from that pastor in this city, so I asked him and related to him our interview.

"George," I said, "I want to know whether I did right or wrong. Did you get anything from that pastor?"

"Never got a cent."

"Well then, I am to blame for it."

"No, indeed, I am glad that you did just what you did. I would rather have received nothing than \$200 and know that you had undertaken to name a sum that I would accept for doing the Lord's work."

I have said only a few things that are in my mind and heart concerning our brother's life. If he were here to-night, I feel sure he would emphasize this fact, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

MR. NEEDHAM'S LAST LETTER.

The last letter received by Mr. Owens from Mr. Needham was as follows:

Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan. 18, 1902.

DEAR RICHARD:—I was very glad to hear from you that the great Lord was opening the way before you, so you could give up the store. I am sure it is in answer to prayer, for we often asked him to deliver you, and give you more freedom for the ministry of the Word. I had many hopes I would see the way clear to help in this direction, but He knoweth the way that we take. Now I trust soon to hear you are in better shape to enjoy home life and for the preaching of the Cross. This is all that is worth living for. If the Master tarry and my life is prolonged a few years more I trust we shall both have much joy in soul-winning. I see danger all around of little gatherings of conventions and Bible readings, and teaching people who know enough already for practical godliness and soul-saving. Lots of saints look for cossetting who are rather inclined to laziness. So I pray while God may help us to stir the Christians, He will keep us in the work of preaching salvation through the blood.

Wonderful is the movement here already. In one week we have every place crowded; nearly a thousand at the Bible lectures afternoons. Last Sunday night 3,000 to hear the Gospel. I expect to-morrow as many, as we have a place for Sunday with 3,500 sittings. The papers publish sermons nearly in full, and thousands more read the message.

Wife is at home. The grace of Christ be multiplied to you all.

In best bonds,
GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

Dr. Erdman's Tribute.

At the funeral of Rev. George C. Needham, at Narberth, Pa., addresses were delivered by Dr. J. M. Stifler, of Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa., and the Rev. Wm. J. Erdman, D.D., of Germantown, Pa., most valued and beloved friends of the deceased. In the course of his address Dr. Erdman said:

We meet in this hour of mingled sorrow and thankfulness to express our love and esteem of one who was a great evangelist of a generation now past.

Much might be said of his many personal traits which so strongly drew to him those who knew him best.

His genial, generous, sympathetic nature is attested to-day by many among the poor and lowly in this community. For myself I can say, much of life for me has passed away with him. But I will speak of some things for which he stood in his public life, and in a ministry that was world-wide. That ministry was full forty years, a significant number. It was not confined to English-speaking peoples, but also in Japan and China, the Lord used him greatly in the Word, both to natives and to the missionaries.

From the beginning, in the great Irish revival, his preaching was attended by peculiar, supernatural experiences. And his whole testimony was marked by an unwavering confidence in the divine authority of the sacred Scriptures. Doubts and attacks on certain parts of the Old Testament were regarded by him with an amused interest, for they were often the very Scriptures, which the spirit of God had used mightily in the salvation of sinners.

But especially of late years the Lord used him in the edification of believers. How Old Testament history and biography, how the sacrificial and priestly types lived over again under his vitalizing, illuminating touch!

Also, in modern discussions of the gift and offices of the Holy Spirit, to him the test of the presence of the Holy Spirit was testimony to Christ, according to that great promise: "He shall glorify Me." Whatever other experiences might be claimed or testified, this was chief, central and all-inclusive.

By thousands, too, in many lands our departed brother will be most gratefully remembered as one who set forth with great clearness and simplicity the all-illuminating truth of the return of our Lord. He loved His appearing; he looked for the blessed hope; and while he is to-day with Christ, in the peace of God, we on earth are still waiting for the great event.

For such a life of courageous and most faithful testimony to the truth, for such long and fruitful ministry of salvation, we thank God. Our sympathy in this bereavement with his dearly beloved ones is more tender and sacred because inseparable from the gratitude to God for his abundant labors through the grace of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and for the common hope of the glory soon to be revealed.

For Higher Service.

Mr. Needham was only 58 years old when he departed. In the ordinary course of life he should have had several years more of active service for the Master. This thought came to us again and again.

In a personal letter, Mrs. Needham said: "You have twice asked me in letters, 'Why was he taken? Why could he not have remained twenty years longer?' Let me tell you how the same question has been answered to us. At family worship the last evening he read with us, he left off abruptly because the little grandchild cried, at Luke xix, 30; but carefully marked the place where he stopped. The next day, while he was worshipping inside the Veil, Brother Thomas conducted prayers, and amid blinding tears read the strangely appropriate words, 'Go ye, and find a colt tied. And if any man shall ask you why you loose him say, "Because the Lord hath need of him."' That is my answer to you."

PARADISE.

BY MRS. GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

Somewhere in vast and distance space,
So far I do not know the place,
There swings a sphere, where face to face
Our dead behold the Lord of grace.

Of diverse language, tribe and land,
As countless as the ocean sand,
A blood-washed and elected band,
In Christ's dear presence now they stand.

As one by one we saw them go,
Released from pain and mortal woe,
Our hearts rejoiced their gain to know,
Though crushed beneath the blinding blow.

Their griefs are past, their toils are done,
Their race of patience grandly run;
The fight was fought, the promise won
Through faith in God's Eternal Son.

Till with full glory He arrays
The bodies that His power shall raise,
How blest their spirits waiting days,
While on the Light of Life they gaze.

Sweet Paradise! so far, so near,
So veiled to sight, so closed to ear,
To faith so sure, to hope so clear,
Thou keepest all our hearts hold dear.,
Narberth, Pa., March, 1901.

On the death of his youngest sister thirty years ago Mr. Needham wrote the following poem:

NATURE AND FAITH.

BY GEORGE C. NEEDHAM, 1872.

We wept—'twas Nature wept—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon sphere so fair and bright
Behold thee in effulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet faith would rather
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.

Nature sees the body dead—

Faith beholds the spirit fled.

Nature stops at Jordan's tide—

Faith beholds the other side;

That, but hears farewells and sighs,

This, thy welcome in the skies.

Nature mourns a cruel blow—

Faith assures it is not so.

Nature never sees thee more—

Faith but sees thee gone before.

Nature tells a dismal story—

Faith has visions all of glory.

Nature views the change with sadness.

Faith regards it full of gladness.

Nature murmurs, Faith shows meekness.

"Strength is perfect in our weakness."

Nature writhes, and hates the rod—

Faith looks up and blesses God.

Sense looks downward, Faith above;

That sees hardness, This sees love.

Oh! let Faith victorious be.

Let it reign triumphantly!

Yet thou art gone! not lost, but flown;

Shall I then ask thee back, my own?

Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness;

Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness;

Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee;

Back—from pastures where He leads thee;

Back—and leave the Blessed Father,

Back—to earth and sin—nay, rather

Would I live in solitude!

I would not ask thee if I could;

But patient wait the high decree,

That calls my spirit home to thee.



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM

Death of Archbishop Corrigan.

In the obituary notice of Archbishop Corrigan, who died on May 5 of pneumonia the *New York Press*, May 6, said:

In many things Archbishop Corrigan was unconsciously deceptive, in all his disposition secretive. For example, his personal appearance gave his sixty-three years the semblance of forty, his retiring habits made one suspect his ability to lead, his devotion to routine seemed to exclude effective interest in affairs not diocesan, his silence under widespread aspersion argued indifference to public praise or blame. Among the priests of his years his fresh color, unwrinkled skin, alert movement, gave him a boyish air. He had few confidants, perhaps none. He was seen for a few minutes at a time by the crowds that besieged his doors, for a few hours once a year by the pastors whose missions he visited officially.

It required some courage to enter the McGlynn struggle and carry it to a successful issue. Dr. McGlynn was the scapegoat and representative of a party which for forty years had flourished in New York and given discomfort to the bishops. It was reserved for Archbishop Corrigan to destroy that party, first by dismissing Dr. McGlynn, and then by routing Dr. Burtzell in the Roman courts and banishing him to the mountains.

To accomplish this much he had to face distrust in Rome, which dreads warfare of this kind, and opposition from a few powerful prelates at home. He had to submit to the imputation of disloyalty to America, flung at him by the more conservative supporters of Dr. Burtzell and Dr. McGlynn. Nevertheless, he went into the contest, and carried it to a triumphant issue. He not only slew George, the McGlynnites and opposing prelates; Roman distrust also was conquered, even converted into sincere confidence.

Michael Augustine Corrigan was

born in Newark, N. J., in 1839. His father, who had come from Ireland some years before, was a saloonkeeper in Newark, and amassed considerable money in that business, so that he was able to give his children a good education in Roman Catholic lines. Michael was educated for the priesthood in Rome, and was successively a professor in Seton Hall College in Newark, president of that institution, bishop of Newark, co-adjutor archbishop of Cardinal McCloskey in New York, and on the death of the latter in 1885, full archbishop. In 1887 he caused Father Edward McGlynn, the most popular priest in New York, to be excommunicated for supporting Henry George for Mayor of the city against the candidate of Tammany Hall. After several years the ban of excommunication was lifted from McGlynn, but he died of a broken heart, with the words: "Lord Jesus have mercy on me," on his lips. Archbishop Corrigan's last words were: "I am very weak."

Though not a member of the Order, Dr. Corrigan was a typical Jesuit, deceptive, secretive, working in the dark, as the *Press* said, in all things striving for the supremacy of his master, the Pope, and crouching before him, as in the case of Satolli, whom he was reluctantly forced to receive in his cathedral.

He was the foremost representative of Ultramontanism or Jesuitism in the United States, and his success was the triumph of the reactionary forces that have killed liberalism and "Americanism" in the Roman Church. A sigh of relief at his departure has been breathed by every priest and every layman in the Church who would like to be accounted a free man.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

V.

NEW YORK, May, 1902.

Sir:—In these open letters to you it has been my purpose to interest the general reader, who likes a variety of topics in reference to your church, religious, philosophical, political and social—whatever concerns the higher nature of man and conduces to a better life here and leads to the enjoyment of the eternal life with God. I wish to avoid personalities and the discussion of subjects that relate to man's lower nature. An honest mind and a good heart cannot find pleasure in contemplating the depravity of human nature, whether it be the prostitution of the intellectual faculties to base purposes and the twisting of conscience or the indulgence of passion. The consideration of the highest and best things in life, the purest ideas, the most exalted motives will enlarge the heart, nourish the mind—which grows by what it feeds on—and satisfy the soul. It would be my greatest pleasure, therefore, to maintain this standard in these public letters and avoid everything that savors of censure and disparagement, if you would mend your ways and give me a chance. But while I am hard pressed by the fact that you continue to make use of your supposed spiritual power and your position as a "prince of the Church" to overawe and intimidate politicians in the interests of the Roman machine, I shall not lose sight of the ideal I have set before me.

In my last two letters (March and April) I referred to your presence in Washington to influence public opinion and gain the favor of the representatives of the people, in the White House as in Congress, in behalf of the friars in the Philippines and the retention of the lands which they had unjustly and dishonestly acquired. Our Government earnestly desires to conciliate the Filipinos and establish civil government in the islands, such as we possess ourselves, and a bill is before Congress for this purpose. It gives Governor Taft, who has been the head of the Commission in the islands for the last two years, enlarged powers to deal with all questions of civil administration, including the possessions of the Church which amount to many millions, and which the Filipinos claim should revert to them when law and order are established and justice shall prevail. When Governor Taft appeared before the Senate Committee in March he said the questions relating to the lands in the possession of the religious orders was the most difficult to solve, as the Filipinos demanded the expulsion of the friars and the return of the lands to the people, who had been defrauded by these "holy fathers." The Filipinos were determined to get rid of the friars, he said, and he did not see how it could be done.

Then you, Cardinal, presented yourself as *deus ex machina*, and so effectually did you intrigue and bulldoze the politicians that the Government has been induced to send Governor Taft to Rome to treat with the Vatican regarding these matters. The following despatch appeared in the New York Evening Sun of May 5, under the heading:

"GOVERNOR TAFT'S MISSION TO ROME."

"Washington, May 5.—There has been so much speculation as to the nature of Governor Taft's mission to Rome to confer with the Vatican over Philippine matters affecting the interests of the Church in the Islands that an authorized denial was made to-day that the mission is in any sense diplomatic. Nor will a commission be sent, as has been reported. Governor Taft alone is vested with any authority to conduct the negotiations. He will be assisted in his work by one and probably two officers of the army, who will act as secretaries and interpreters and advise with him in regard to the legal complications that may arise in the purchase of the friar lands.

The officers who have been selected for this work are Col. E. H. Crowder, who recently returned from an inspection of the British camp at New Orleans, and Major Porter, both of the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army. Colonel Crowder was Judge Advocate for some time of the Division of the Philippines and is thoroughly familiar with the situation there. It has been thought advisable to have a prelate of the American Catholic Church present at the same time and Bishop O'Gorman, of South Dakota, will also go to Rome."

And the next day the following news was sent from your home city. It appeared in the morning *Sun* of May 7, with the heading:

"TAFT MEETS GIBBONS."

"GOVERNOR AND CARDINAL HAVE A CONFERENCE OVER THE PHILIPPINES.

"Baltimore, May 6.—Governor Taft of the Philippine Islands was the guest to-night of Theodore Marburg at his residence, 14 West Mount Vernon place. Cardinal Gibbons was one of the guests specially invited to meet him.

"To those enjoying his confidence, the Cardinal has often admitted that he is deeply interested in the condition of affairs in the Philippine Islands, and he welcomed the opportunity to meet and talk freely and without reserve to Governor Taft. The two engaged in a long conversation, and discussed every phase of the situation. Neither would consent to be quoted in an interview.

"Mr. Marburg's other dinner guests included President Ira Remsen of Johns Hopkins University; Myron T. Herrick, Cleveland, Ohio, one of the managers of the Fuller syndicate, who recently purchased the Western Maryland Railroad; S. Davies Warfield, postmaster of Baltimore and president of the Continental Trust Company; Edward L. Bartlett, J. William Middendorf, William A. Marburg and John N. Steele, a prominent member of the Baltimore bar."

Other papers noted the fact that for the last six weeks Archbishop Ireland has been in Washington lobbying in the interests of the Church in the Philippines, and Bishop O'Gorman has been there, and so has the Archbishop of Oregon, and Father This and Father That. What does it all mean? Has our Government gone daft? Why should Governor Taft go to Rome with a retinue of secretaries and interpreters to treat with the Pope regarding the Philippine Islands. They were conquered by our arms and Spain was paid \$20,000,000 for her "rights" there. What has the Pope to do with the equity of the case in dispute between the priests and the people in the Philippines? This is a dangerous precedent for our Government to establish. It is a quibble to say that Governor Taft's mission is not diplomatic. What else is it?

You have succeeded so far, Cardinal, in your scheme to entangle our Government with the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church and pave the way for a Democrat to succeed President Roosevelt in the White House. You belong to that party yourself, as do nine-tenths of the Roman Catholics in the United States, and when the Democrats come into power the Church in the Philippines will be established in the full enjoyment of the "rights" it possessed under Spain. But what is the matter with our Government? Again I ask, has it gone daft? Do the politicians of the Republican party imagine that the Protestantism of the United States will tolerate the submission to the Pope of whatever policy this country may adopt in governing the Philippine Islands or in pursuing any course that may seem best to the whole people? Thank God, this is still a Protestant nation, and the party that bows the knee to Rome will not be tolerated by the people.

The end is not yet regarding Governor Taft's "indiplomatic" mission to Rome. And so we can wait for developments. The Philippine bill is not yet passed, and though the Government has a large majority in both houses of Congress, there may arise questions in connection with it that would cause President Roosevelt and the Republican party serious embarrassment.

You see, Cardinal, that I have not abused you for the part you have taken in fooling our Government, though you have acted in a Jesuitical way by holding a reception in the White House, by making Governor Taft go from Washington to Baltimore to confer with you, and by divers other ways that are dark and tricks that are vain. The temptation to say hard words to you is great, but I respect my readers, and they can draw their own conclusions.

It would be more pleasing to me to write to you on religious subjects and try to convert you than to discuss political affairs, but I have a duty to discharge as a citizen, and if I can serve our glorious Republic by calling attention to your interference in the political affairs of the country, my labor is not lost.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IN PURGATORY.

For instance, it would be timely to refer to purgatory—if that could be termed a religious subject outside of your communion. This month one of the great men of your Church has passed away—Dr. Corrigan, the Archbishop of New York; and if we may judge by all the masses and prayers that have been said for him since his decease on the fifth instant, his soul must be in purgatory. Poor man, it is too bad that he, "a saintly bishop," as he was called, should be suffering in the fires of purgatory.

He made it pretty warm for poor Father Edward McGlynn here for many years, and now his own turn has come in the other world. What a horrible religion yours is, Cardinal, that burning in the fires of purgatory, which, as your theologians say, are "like the fire of hell," is the doom of even your best people. It is an interesting subject, though a gruesome one. May you have a better fate, is my hearty good wish. You can if you will place your trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and in His atoning blood. You know "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and yet your Church teaches that "purgatory is a place where souls suffer for their sins for a time before they can

go to heaven." That makes the Atonement of Christ ineffectual to save the soul. And your Church teaches further that the masses and prayers of the priests (for which they must be paid in advance in good dollars) can shorten the time of suffering and punishment and cause the gates of heaven to fly open to receive the soul. If a person should happen to be poor and have no friends to pay for the masses and prayers, then "no pay, no pray," and the poor soul has to suffer in purgatory until the mercy of God is manifested. What an awful religion, and what a mockery of the religion of Christ.

It is not I, or any other Protestant Christian—no, not even the Word of God—that consigns Archbishop Corrigan to purgatory. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who preached the sermon at his funeral, said he was there. The service was the most elaborate and gorgeous spectacle witnessed in this city for many years; with the body of the deceased on a catafalque twelve feet high, clothed in his pontifical robes of scarlet, purple and gold; diamonds blazing, jewels flashing in miter, cape, and ring; and the retinue of prelates that surrounded you in like gorgeous apparel, and one thousand priests and members of religious orders in their robes of office and distinctive garbs. Amid such surroundings, and in the presence of five thousand people, Archbishop Ryan, standing in the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and looking into the face of the dead man beneath him, said:

"We are not here this morning merely to honor the deceased prelate, much as he deserves it. The Pontifical Mass celebrated is not one of thanksgiving for his virtues and achievements. No, it is celebrated that God may have mercy on his soul. We are met primarily to join in this cry for mercy. Great and appalling are the responsibilities of the episcopate, so great that the most enlightened fathers of the Church feared them. Hence there may be at least minor offences which may retard his entering into the sanctuary into which nothing defiled can enter—defiled even in little things. Should the Sovereign Pontiff pass to judgment we offer similar prayers and sacrifices for him, because the responsibilities of the man are never lost in the splendor of the office. For two purposes, then, are we here this morning—to honor the dead and to pray for the dead!"

Nothing could be plainer than that. Archbishop Corrigan is now in purgatory. If he were in heaven Archbishop Ryan and the other Roman Catholics would be praying to him and not for him. It is charitable to suppose that he is not in the other place, down below. So he must be somewhere, and the only available place is purgatory, where, as I have said, the suffering and torment, according to the teaching of your Church, can be compared only to the infernal regions. What an awful religion yours is, Cardinal. There is no hope in Christ in it, and yet He has said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." May you and all good people in your Church be delivered not only from purgatory in the life to come, but in the present life from the horrid superstition that would make Almighty God a mercenary who could be placated by the payment of money for masses and priestly prayers; and may you learn that the salvation of the soul is the gift of God, without money and without price, through His Son our Saviour, who said to all believers, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

Yours truly,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

A YEAR IN ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT.

BY P. H. C.

CHAPTER XIII.

He paused and gazed steadily into the young and ardent faces turned upon him, as if reading their inmost souls. Did a feeling of pity for the parents of whom he had just spoken so kindly, and from whose hearts he had engaged to separate two loving children, for a moment touch his breast? If so, that inexorable oath with which he had entered on his vocation, which banishes every human sympathy, quickly extinguished it, and he said, playfully, "So you are going to make a Protestant of me?"

"That was your own suggestion," modestly answered Marcia, "but I heartily wish I could."

"Who knows?" said the priest, laughing; "if you convince me that yours is the true Church, I shall surely join it, and vice versa—that's fair, isn't it, eh?"

"The contest would be rather an unequal one, I think, between a learned doctor and a young girl."

"Woman's wit against a college of doctors," answered he, "and I see by that bright eye I shall have no mean antagonist, eh?" and again the faces of the two girls were the subject of his scrutiny.

Marcia was not handsome, nor would her features be called intellectual, but she had, as the priest said, lively, bright eyes and an intelligent, frank expression which gave her face a pleasant look when not under the control of sarcastic or haughty feelings. Her strong will had been accustomed to bend only to the stronger one of her father, for Mrs. Chamberlain seldom saw anything amiss in her children, and when she did, her correction was too gentle to have much effect with either; for with less self-esteem and consequently more diffidence, Lucy had an equally strong will. But both had essentially good principles, and although often differing, were warmly attached to each other and to their parents.

In less time than it has taken to describe these characteristics of the sisters, Father Mayhew had finished his inspection, and resumed.

"Ah, I see I shall have to cry you mercy presently;" and then added, abruptly, "Where, my child, did you learn your faith?"

"From the Bible, sir, and the catechism."

"Catechism—so you believe in the catechism?"

"The catechism contains nothing but what may be proved from the Bible," answered Marcia.

"How do you know?"

"Because the catechism says so, and the Bible is open to the study of all Protestants, and if doctrines contrary to it were taught in the catechism, it could be easily proved. Christ, you know, said, 'Search the Scriptures, whether these things are so.'"

"And where did you get the Bible? Where would your Bible, of which you boast so much, be, if it were not for my Church, the holy Catholic Church? Where was your Church before Luther, and how can that be the true Church which only began a little while ago?"

Marcia, not knowing which of the questions, so rapidly put, to answer first, said, "Our Church was in existence all the time, but it had become corrupt, and Luther only went back to the Bible, and reformed it."

"Went back to the Bible, indeed! Why, child, did not Christ say the gates of hell should never prevail against His Church? Being then infallible, it could not need reformation. You might as well think to reform the course of nature as the Church the same God has established."

Marcia saw well enough the falseness of the priest's claims, and she attempted to dislodge him from the infallible position he had assumed, but what is easier than for a skilful casuist to confound an inexperienced girl, be her cause ever so good! It has been well said by an eminent writer,* "that the chief part of the learning of the Romish priests is to puzzle themselves first and as many others as they can afterwards;" and Father Mayhew was an adept in the art. The excited and incautious young disputant, baffled but not convinced, lost her self-possession.

The priest was not slow to take advantage of her confusion, and pressed her rapidly as before with questions and assertions, adroitly turning and twisting the many facts and arguments supplied by her ready memory and wit, so as to make them appear untenable, while he praised her ability and ingenuity. For two hours Marcia bravely kept up resistance, and when the bell rang for mid-day service, the priest said, "You are my prisoner! fairly routed; too sensible to hold on to a cause which cannot be defended; eh? Good-bye, I will see you again!" and he walked rapidly away, leaving Marcia so thoroughly mortified at the poor defense she had made that she could only give vent to her vexation in tears.

"Don't mind it, sister," said Lucy, who had been an interested though silent witness of the interview, "I do not feel a bit convinced by anything he said; I do not believe the half of it, and I am not going to be a Roman Catholic."

"Nor I, either, I am sure," replied Marcia; "he was so cool and I so excited; but he speaks kindly, and I shall do better the next time."

"I don't like him, sister, and I wish you would not talk to him any more."

Father Mayhew, however, was often about, and Marcia found herself frequently brought in contact with him. The Church formed the prominent subject of discussion on such occasions, and he took care to keep her on the defensive, and to impress on her mind, as he had already suggested, that if she could not defend the position he assigned her, she must, by consequence, yield up her faith: this was, of course, only a question of time with one who looked not beyond her own strength to sustain her. Without a Bible, without any earnest seeking for divine help, it was only surprising that the contest,

*Archbishop Secker.

which depended chiefly on her memory, lasted so long; but the convictions of a life of even seventeen years, united with a will as strong as Marcia's offered formidable resistance, and it required all the tact of the experienced and subtle controversialist, with the assistance and contrivance of the Sisters, to bring Marcia to a reception of the things she was accustomed to deride as childish absurdities; to change the active opponent into the submissive disciple.

Father Mayhew spent much time in explaining the mystical signification of their numberless ceremonies, enlarging on their importance, and engaging Marcia in their study; and under his constant supervision she made rapid progress after the system had once taken possession of her imagination. Lucy had been present at several of these discussions, and often renewed her entreaties to Marcia to have nothing more to say to the priest, as she felt sure such conversations were a breach of their promise to their parents; but he had ever some word of encouragement for the next time, and Marcia's self-reliance sustained her until she was inextricably entangled, and she fell a helpless victim in the toils of her ensnarer.

Before Christmas, a letter came from Mrs. Arnot, in which she explained the cause of her seeming neglect, and gave her young friends a cordial invitation to spend the approaching holidays with her, promising to send her carriage for them. Both would gladly have accepted this kind invitation, but the Superior was so reluctant to permit them to be absent at that season, that they yielded to her persuasions, and to their curiosity to witness the imposing ceremonies which were to take place on that festival.

CHAPTER XIV.

Reared in the lap of luxury and indulgence, Grace's intelligent mind had been more exercised in seeking amusement than in reflection; she had left to her more thoughtful sister, responsibilities which should never be delegated to another, always satisfying herself with the assurance, "Mary will think, Mary will provide;" but on coming among strangers she had felt called upon to act more for herself.

Upon the subject of Convent life, she had been soon disenchanted; the charming solitude, the picturesque devotion, and all the romance in general with which her fancy had invested the place and its inmates, were quickly transformed into the commonplaces of life. She found herself in the companionship of a large collection of girls, many of whom were from a class with which she had never before come in contact, while the unmeaning ceremonies she witnessed failed at once to captivate her imagination. Not disposed to controversy or active opposition, like Marcia, she passively conformed in general to the requirements of the authorities, while she formed many resolutions to maintain her Protestant principles. The sprightliness and amiability of her character made her a general favorite, and her uprightness, manifested even in her wildest frolics, secured her the esteem of all, and saved her from many temptations to which those less scrupulous were exposed. The warm friendship which subsisted between her and Helen Burton seemed not to

accord with the views of their preceptors, as very soon plausible pretexts were found to interrupt it; their seats, which had been together, were changed; obstacles were constantly thrown in the way of their intercourse, and finally, on occasion of a slight indisposition, Helen was removed from the general dormitory and assigned a small room adjoining Sister Catherine's. Such changes being made at different times and with many expressions of regret, and promises of re-arrangement as soon as practicable, and accompanied frequently with unexpected privileges, it would have appeared unreasonable for the pupils to object, and thus without the concurrence or even the consciousness of either, the friends found their intimate relations entirely broken up, and each engrossed with other associations.

The person who succeeded most effectually in winning the regards of Grace, upon her separation from Helen, was Sister Cecile, the charming music teacher spoken of by Helen. This nun, the best musician in the Convent, had been assigned to Grace as her teacher, and appreciating doubtless the remarkable talents of her new pupil, she had not failed to use the many opportunities afforded by their relations, to recommend herself and to establish an influence over her, which Grace's habits of dependence, resisted in the last few months rather than overcome, rendered not a difficult task. For a while an occasional singer in the chapel choir, Grace soon became, at the solicitation of Sister Cecile, a regular assistant. There she met Helen, whose sweet voice mingling with her own and Sister Cecile's, with the accessories at their command, made such melody as drew all who could gain admittance to the Convent chapel to hear. Grace passionately loved music, and thus all her most pleasant associations became connected with the chapel. She was conscious of no change of sentiment, but guileless and unsuspecting, was gradually yielding to the seductive influences by which she was surrounded. Controversy could be dispensed with while she was being wafted into the bosom of the Church on the softer voice of poetry and song. When her soul was so steeped in its sensuous worship as to revolt at the pure and simple forms of her own Church, would be time enough to broach doctrine to her. She saw her friends Marcia and Helen drifting on the same current, and she questioned not whither it tended.

"Would you not like to go to confession, Grace?" asked Sister Ambrosia, on an occasion when many girls were going.

"O no, I am a Protestant: we don't go to confession."

"But you may here: many Protestant girls go, I assure you."

"I do not see how the priest can absolve those who do not profess to be Catholics."

"It is a privilege which the Protestants enjoy here," replied the nun, without explaining the suggested difficulty, "and I think you would like it."

"No, thank you."

Grace's heart fluttered as the Sister descanted on the advantages of the confessional to young girls, but Sister Cecile, who was present, with her French tact, understood Grace better than her zealous co-laborer.

"You look as frightened, *ma chère petite*, as if you thought Sister Ambrosia

really wanted to send you to confession. Nobody goes who does not wish it. Let us go and practice that duet you are learning."

"Come here, Madge," said Grace, one day, addressing a queer-looking child who stood gazing wistfully on a group of romping girls in the playground, "come here, Madge."

"My name is not Madge," was the curt reply.

"Magdalene, then; come here, I have something for you," and Grace drew from her pocket a roll of bon-bons.

The temptation was irresistible. The girl slowly and deliberately approached, and seating herself, at Grace's suggestion, proceeded to discuss the merits of the several varieties of sweetmeats contained in the package. This child had appeared at the Convent soon after the beginning of the session, and recited in some of the classes, but did not take the position of a regular pupil, or remain much in the school; and her shy and brusque manner, united with her singular physique, rendered her so unattractive a person that few seemed to desire intercourse with her. Grace had several times marked the cowed yet reckless expression which her face usually wore, give place to a touching sadness when she thought herself unobserved. The desolation of the lonely child smote her heart, and she had frequently made such attempts as the present to become acquainted, but had hitherto failed.

"What is your name?" she asked, looking kindly on the freckled features and rough hair of the friendless child.

"My name is Maude, I know it is," she answered doggedly, as if the fact had been questioned.

"Maude Claire?"

"No, Maude St. Clair."

"Why then do they call you Magdalene Claire?"

"Don't know; they say it is my name, but I should think I ought to know my own name."

"Have you no parents?"

"No, my mother died on the ship, and father got sick directly after we got to New York, and died too."

"And who put you here?"

"They did not put me here, they put me in the other Convent."

"Who is 'they'?"

"The people where we boarded when father died."

"How long ago is that?"

"About seven years."

"And how old are you?"

"I am fifteen."

"You don't look so old; how can you know exactly your age?"

"I know I was over eight years old when father died, and I stayed three years in St. Bridget's, and three years in the Ursuline, and I have been here some time. When father and mother were living, I always had beautiful presents on my birth-day, and I know it is the 10th of September, but I don't tell anybody now. Nobody cares for me, and I care for nobody."

"Hush!" said Grace, touched at the expression of such heart-desolation, "you must not talk so. I will care for you. I do care for you—let us be friends."

"Oh, you will go away after a while," answered the child, after a pause, in which she seemed, in her deliberate manner, to be weighing the risk and value of the proffered friendship, "and I have to stay always, they say."

"Always! Have **you** no relations?" said Grace, becoming more and more interested.

"I had a great many in England, but that is so far, and they don't know anything about me; they can never find me."

"Did your father have property?"

"What?"

"Did your father own houses and lands, and have much money?"

"I don't know; I remember our beautiful home, and the park; of course it was father's, no one lived there but us and the servants."

"Why did he come to this country?"

"I don't know; I used to know more than I do now. They used to ask me questions, but now I am never allowed to speak of these things, and I forget a great deal; but I remember father and mother—I never will forget them, for I have never been happy since they died. And I don't want to be a nun, either," she added, lowering her voice, and speaking more confidentially.

"Then why should you be one?"

"They say it is my vocation, and I am obliged to be one."

"Were your parents Roman Catholics?"

"O no, we were all of the Church of England, and I had a Bible and a beautiful prayer-book."

"Then why were you put in a Convent?"

"I don't know: a Sister came to the house where father died and took me away. I did not know she was going to carry me to a Convent. We had so many trunks, too, and they said they would keep them for me; but when I ask about them, they say they do not know anything of them."

"And you do not wish to be a nun?"

"I hate it—I can't, I won't!" she added sullenly. "But I must go," looking sharply around, and laying her finger across her mouth as she turned toward Grace. "I do not know why I have told you these things, but you seem so good—you will not tell, will you? But Oh, they hear everything."

"Don't fear," replied her companion, drawing her towards her and imprinting a kiss on her forehead, "we must be friends, Maude, and you must come and talk to me, and love me, and you will be happier."

Madge was evidently gratified, but seemed scarcely to know how to receive such unusual demonstrations of kindness, and again laying her finger in a precautionary attitude, she departed.

The impression, however, made on her mind by this interview was such that she lost thenceforth no opportunity of intercourse with Grace, whose kindly heart went out in such warm sympathy for the unfortunate child, that a friendship grew up between them; and in their short and restrained inter-

views, she tried to reduce to order the unconnected reminiscences of her young protégée and to eradicate or soften the asperity of feeling and manner which the circumstances of her life had engendered. Under the rugged and repulsive exterior, she gradually found there was beating a quick intellect and a loving heart, whose affections, cherished and rightly directed, would have proved a blessing to those around her; but thrown back upon herself, they were corroding and blighting the character they were intended to adorn. The pent-up feeling had now found a channel, in which it appeared it must flow, in spite of the caution and suspicion she was accustomed to feel, and which was occasionally exhibited in her intercourse with her new friend. "Sweet Grace, good Grace," she would say, fondly, as she pressed her lips to her cheek on meeting, "I wanted to see you so much."

Grace was scarcely conscious how rapidly this eccentric little specimen of humanity was twining herself into her affections through her efforts to do her good.

CHAPTER XV.

"They caused their children to pass through the fire to Moloch."

Little has been said of Helen, whose unobtrusive virtues endeared her to all, but seldom rendered her a prominent actor in the affairs of the Convent. The imprudent communications of Judge Burton had laid her especially open to the designs of those whose interest it was to attach her to their communion, and no effort had been left untried to effect that end; yet for more than three years this sensitive young creature had continued to hold in veneration the faith of her mother, derided though it was, and held in contempt by those whom she was now taught to reverence and obey, and who, in bestowing upon her many marks of kindness and partiality, could not fail to win the confidence and love of a susceptible and dependent child.

It is not the design or desire of the writer to impugn the motives of those who so persistently endeavored to secure to their Church the youth thrown under their control. To nothing do the dogmas and vows of their Church and Orders bind them with more unrelenting rigor; and we can only wonder how, in the face of such vows, and of their notorious practice, they can give to the parents who are weak enough to ask it, the assurance of non-interference with the religious faith of their children. It can only be explained by the quibble of "mental reservation," which plays so large a part in the workings of their system.

To the persuasions of the Mother Superior, the expostulations of the Sisters, or the exhortations of the priest, Helen had little to answer: a simple, "I remember," or "My mother taught me so and so," was all the opposition she ever offered; yet at the end of the third session, unusual as is such a result, she was not a Roman Catholic. No one could deem her heartless; none who knew the purity of her life, the earnestness and regularity of her devotions, unless blinded by fanatic bigotry, could believe she was indifferent to the subject so often brought before her. Tears indeed often bore witness to the painful conflict, caused by the well-meant, but cruel persecution.

"What then," it is doubtless asked, "prevented the success of so many well-devised plans for her conversion?" The counsels and prayers of a pious mother had been made the invisible armor which blunted or turned aside the fiery darts directed so skilfully by those experienced practitioners in the archery of proselyting. But as continual dropping wears away the rock, the constant repetition of these things was not without effect. The absence of all teaching of the Gospel, and the constant participation in idolatrous worship, caused them at length to be received as necessary accompaniments to devotion; and gradually were the characters of truth, written by the hand of love, defaced or covered over with the foul blots of superstition, and her teachers began to discern some result from their labors.

In spite of the many indulgences and exhibitions of affection bestowed upon Helen by the Mother Superior, she had never been able to secure the full confidence of her favorite pupil. There was something in the demonstrations of that lady repelling to the timid but upright child, while to the more humble and earnest Sister Catherine she readily yielded her artless affections; and to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of this nun, success might be mainly attributed. Sister Catherine was an Irish woman, devoted in her attachments to the Church, and gifted with that persuasive eloquence so often found among her people. If not very profound in geography and mathematics, which branches she taught in the school, she was well versed in the lives of the Saints, a source from which she was fond of drawing for the edification and entertainment of her pupils; and to these strange and supernatural narratives her own unquestioning belief and enthusiasm lent a fascination which riveted her youthful audience.

Helen had early fallen, from preference or purpose, to her peculiar charge, and in the love of the gentle, trusting girl, her own heart had, she said, found ample reward for all her efforts to make her happy. Whatever might have been the motives of others, Sister Catherine's chief desire with regard to her favorite was doubtless her salvation; and as in her judgment that could only be secured by bringing her into the Church, to that end all her labors were directed. The thought that she was causing grief to one who, she believed, really loved her, was no small part of Helen's trouble; and had the standard of the nun's morals been as high as the fervor of her devotion, she might sooner, perhaps, have yielded to her influence; but here, young as Helen was when sent to the Convent, her early training made her a keen observer and a dangerous critic; and the prevarications and deviations from truth she witnessed in those who seemed so devout, formed a problem which her ignorance of Romish theology prevented her from solving, while it caused her many a sigh. But influences so potent as those which surrounded her, could not be always resisted, and Sister Catherine at length obtained the promise that she would prepare, with several Protestant girls, to be received into the Church at the approaching Easter.

(To be continued.)

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